

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

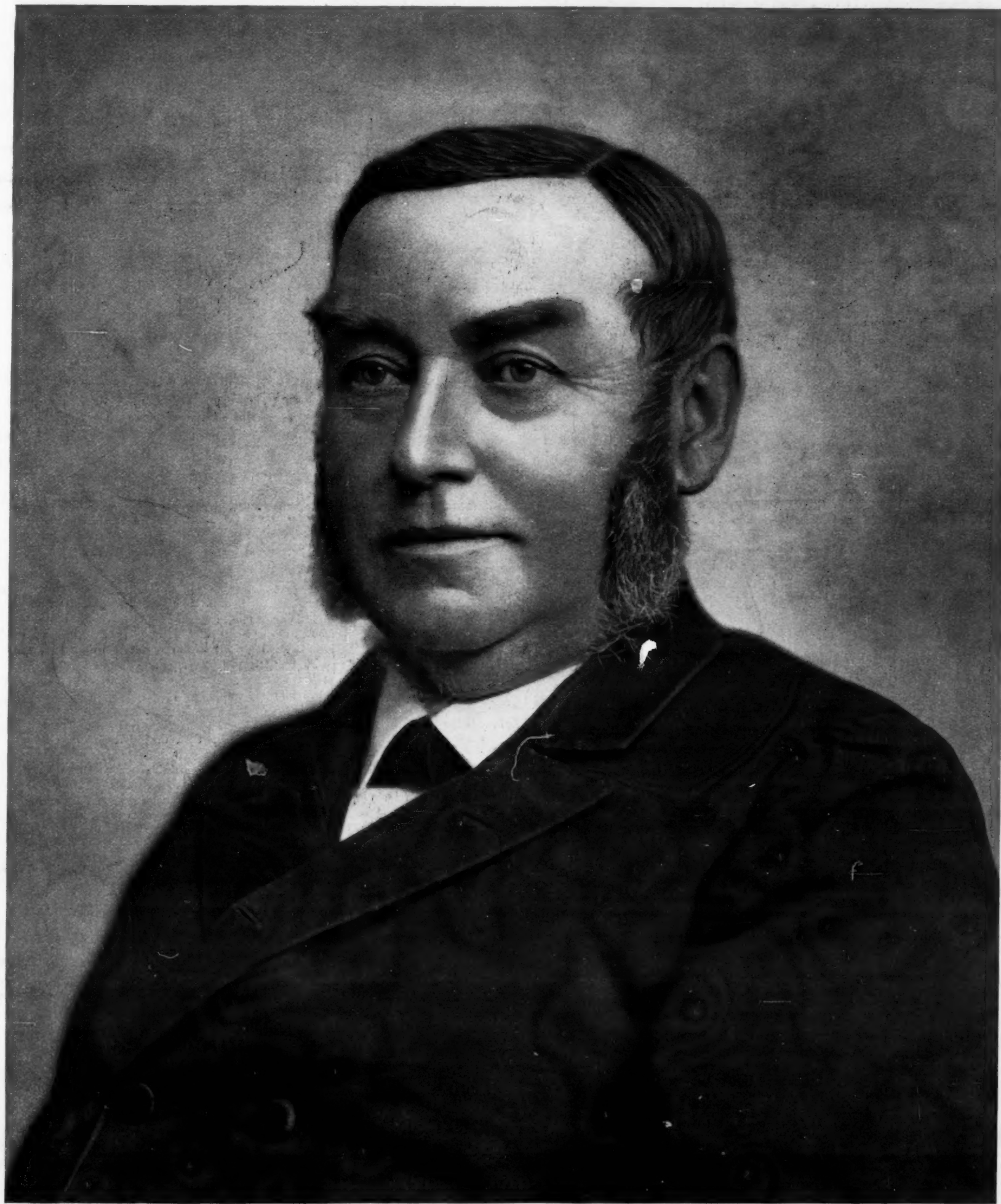


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THE LATE GEORGE W. CHILDS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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An Object Lesson.

THE result of the recent Congressional election in the Fourteenth District of this city is one of the most significant political events of recent years. In the election of 1892 the Democrats carried the district by a majority of 8,825. In the special election, which was contested on tariff lines, the Republicans elected their candidate by 984, showing a Democratic loss of nearly ten thousand votes.

The meaning of this result is unmistakable. It is a protest against the free-trade tendencies of the Democratic party, its wild financial heresies, and its shameless acquiescence in the Hawaiian infamy. It is an exhibition of the distrust and alarm with which the people regard the incompetency and perversity of the Democratic party in dealing with questions which vitally concern the national honor and prosperity, and it shows, what the average politician so often forgets, that the patriotism and common sense of American citizens may be depended upon to assert themselves, in every supreme crisis, without regard to partisan considerations, for the vindication of essential principles and interests. Given an opportunity, the whole country would emphasize by an overwhelming vote this expression of dissatisfaction with Democratic theories and methods.

The New York Sun, commenting on this result, illustrates its significance by a comparison which is at once suggestive and conclusive. In the present House of 356 members there are 215 Democrats, 129 Republicans, and 12 Populists. Thus the Democrats have thirty-six more than a majority. But if every district in the country should be affected by the "tidal wave of protest" which determined the result in the Fourteenth New York District, there would be in the new Congress 120 Democrats against 236 Republicans and Populists, leaving the Democrats fifty-nine short of a majority. This would be the result with conditions as they exist to-day. But with the Democracy persisting in their ruinous policy, arrogant and contemptuous of popular opinion, their overthrow is likely to be even more disastrous and complete than the Sun's figures indicate as probable.

The Police Investigation.



THE investigation into the methods of the police department of this city, ordered by the State Senate, is the natural outcome of a deep-seated conviction that these methods tend to the encouragement rather than the suppression of vice and crime. The results of the investigation will depend entirely upon the sincerity and thoroughness with which it is conducted. It is prosecuted, in the nature of the case, by a partisan committee, but mere partisan considerations should be excluded from its management. The police department is, indeed, a partisan machine, employed in the interest and support of an infamous partisan oligarchy, but it is not this use of it that primarily concerns the public. It is the perversion of its functions as a bulwark of the public safety into an instrument of oppression, its alliance with the vicious classes, its employment of its resources for the nourishment of social evils, its shameless indifference to the rights and interests of law-abiding citizens—that provoke popular execration and awaken popular solicitude. No investigation will be satisfactory or complete that makes anything less than the promotion of the public interests, the welfare of the whole community, its supreme and constant purpose.

It must be remembered, too, that the success of the investigation will, to a considerable extent, depend upon the co-operation of that class or citizens who have the largest stake in the community. Citizens who have been conspicuous in their demand for a purification of the department cannot now, with any propriety, hesitate to avail themselves of the opportunity to contribute to that result. To do so would be to expose themselves to a suspicion of insincerity and cowardice in the performance of an obvious duty. Citizenship has no higher obligation than that of sustaining every orderly attempt to cleanse and strengthen the public administration and minimize public evils, and the man who discharges that obligation honestly and loyally, at whatever hazard of personal annoyance or

misconception of motive, is in the truest sense the best and foremost citizen.

The End of the World.



THE familiar religious phrase, "World without end," and the conclusion that it embodies, do not seem to satisfy either the churchman or the scientist, and from the days of the saints to those of Lieutenant Totten the question, when will the earth cease to be, has been under discussion. Of late, following Lieutenant Totten's discussion in these columns, there was a lull in the controversy, and it seemed as though all the predictors, both pessimists and optimists, had gone out of business. However, the flame of contention has just broken out afresh, and now we are called on to range ourselves under the standard of M. Camille Flammarion or the banner of Herr Rodolph Falb. The former, who is known of all men in his triple rôle of astronomer, author, and theosophist, is confident that the world will become a frozen and senseless mass some millions of years hence. He places the date of the gradually-approaching catastrophe at such a remote period that the annihilation of the race can interest the people of our day only as a curious calculation by an eminent person whose statements are entitled to respectful attention. But, just as M. Flammarion has arranged things so comfortably for ourselves and our immediate descendants, there appears on the scene the afore-mentioned Herr Falb, of Leipzig, who is also entitled to a respectful hearing because he is the foremost of living seismologists, and can detect an earthquake, even in its remotest vibrations, with the rapidity that characterizes the action of a cashier in throwing out a counterfeit bill.

It is one of Herr Falb's contentions that the heavenly bodies have something to do with seismic disturbances, and in following up this idea he has of late made a special study of comets. The result is an announcement that Flammarion is all wrong; that the ages are not for us, and that the end of things human is at hand. The Leipzig savant has taken special note of the erratic course pursued by the comet of 1886, a vast body whose vagrant wanderings through space have been the subject of much calculation and speculation. His studies lead him to conclude, "irresistibly," that this flaming messenger of fate will come in collision with the earth on November 13th, 1899.

And then will be closed the account of this fair globe, with all its joys and burdens, loves and griefs.

Proposed Financial Legislation.



THE Democrats in Congress are not yet by any means done with the tariff question, and it looks as if they are likely to have it on their hands for some time to come, the battle being transferred from the House to the Senate; but there are plain indications that they are preparing to inject into current discussions other questions which will still further disturb public confidence and delay business and financial recovery. The silver wing of the party, instead of accepting their defeat on the repeal of the Sherman act as finally determining the policy of the country as to the financial question, have organized for a fresh demonstration of their strength, and, with the tariff out of the way, propose to resist the consideration of everything except legislation "for the relief of the treasury" by an enlarged silver coinage. One of their first demands will be the coinage of the fifty-five millions of seigniorage silver, or the issuing of paper money to that amount in anticipation of such coinage. Of course this would be a measure of pure inflation, since notes have already been issued for the purchase of this silver bullion, but inflation has no terrors for Democrats who believe in fiat money and regard all the laws of finance as subject to the will of Congress. Another measure which will be "put through" at the earliest possible moment, if it can be done, will be the repeal of the tax on State banks which now operates to protect the people against wild-cat paper issues. The national banking system has always been abhorrent to the average Democratic statesman, especially in the Southern and Southwestern States, and now that the party has unlimited control, the opportunity to weaken it and restore the vicious system which existed before the Civil War will be utilized without any regard whatever to the lessons of experience or the dictates of sound public policy. The recent refusal of the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill for this purpose is sure to be attacked on the floor of the House, with a view to affirmative action.

But the assaults of the destructives upon honest finance and the national credit are not likely to cease with the attempted or actual enactment of the legislation so far indicated. Their ultimate aim is the establishment of a free-coinage policy, absolute and unconditional, and

nothing short of that achievement will fully satisfy their demands. For that they will scheme, conspire, and agitate with persistent and unappeasable determination. Some, undoubtedly, will do this with perfect honesty of conviction; some, governed by ambition, will do so because misguided local constituencies seem to favor such a policy; all alike mean to carry the war to the gates, accepting no compromise, acquiescing in no result as final which does not assure them everything for which they contend. This is the one fact which, amid all the uncertainties and doubts of the present hour, stands out clear and unmistakable, and it is this fact which, equally with the Democratic purpose as to the tariff, must awaken anxiety and solicitude as to the future.

The gravity of the outlook is all the greater because the treasury administration lacks both coherency and virility, and is in consequence regarded with distrust and suspicion. A strong man at the head of the treasury, with clear convictions formed on sound lines, courageous of purpose, and resolute in the maintenance of a policy approved by the best financial judgment of the country, could contribute immensely to the establishment of sound conditions, rallying to his support commanding influences and forces, and consolidating public opinion in opposition to unwholesome and dangerous schemes of legislation. Mr. Carlisle, unfortunately, has none of these qualities of leadership. He cannot be counted upon as a serious factor in the struggle which lies before us. His integrity of purpose is undoubted, but he is a theorist and a tyro in finance, and has the added misfortune of believing himself to be the very embodiment of wisdom. The fight for honest money and a safe financial policy must be made independently of the treasury chief, and it must be made, too, by the Republican party, backed by the support of those Democrats, in public place and out of it, who are capable of appreciating the perils which would befall the country if the Bland school of theorists should succeed in overturning the foundations of financial security. That, with vigilance and fidelity on the part of the people, the struggle, thus fought to a conclusion, will at last result in a triumph for the right, we have no shadow of doubt.

The Walker and the Wilson Tariffs.



THE Wilson tariff, as passed by the House of Representatives, is built on the lines of the Walker tariff enacted in 1846. The Walker tariff proposed such a reduction of rates that the protection afforded by the then prevailing duties should be largely removed. The Wilson tariff is framed to accomplish the same object.

At the time the Walker tariff went into operation the industrial conditions of the country were steadily improving under the higher tariff of 1842. The panic conditions which prevailed from 1837 to 1841 had been largely overcome. President Polk, elected in 1844, said: "The progress of our people in wealth and happy condition is unexampled in our history." This language may be taken as at least indicating positively favorable conditions.

In this fact we have a point of resemblance with the present situation. The industrial condition of the country when in the elections of 1892 the people sanctioned the overthrow of the protective system was identical with that of 1846. There has never been in our history a period of greater prosperity than during the four years which closed with 1892.

A careful examination of the census returns shows that the capital represented by manufactures in 1846 was only about seven per cent. of that represented by agriculture. In 1892 manufacturing capital was about thirty per cent. of that invested in agriculture. The manufacturing interests were, therefore, relatively more than four times, as important in 1892 as in 1846.

There was small competition in manufactured products in 1846 as compared with the present. Computing the increase of wages as uniform from one census year to another, the average wage of factory hands was about \$231 per year in 1846. In 1892 it was \$375. The price of manufactured products was as low (or lower) in 1892. For example, the average price of "standard sheetings" was 8.3 cents per yard in 1847, and 6½ cents in 1892. Wages had advanced about sixty per cent., while the market price of the product was no higher. This difference is an index of the large slice of profits which labor had won from capital in the nearly half-century of success and failure of industrial battle. It is easy to see that the manufacturer's margin had been greatly reduced. Indeed, a careful study of the history of manufacturing profits shows that at no time in the history of this country was manufacturing capital operating on so small a margin as in 1892.

It is therefore safe to assume that in 1846 manufacturing could withstand a far greater strain than in 1892. The grim logic of events sustains this conclusion with emphasis, for it was several years before the adverse conditions introduced by the Walker tariff of 1846 wrought the havoc which the mere prospect of such a measure has now already wrought.

The advocates of the Walker tariff claimed that it would so largely increase importation as to give an

increase of revenue at the lower rates of duty. This prediction as to increase of importations was verified—not suddenly, but surely. The increased import simply shows how much work was taken from our own workmen and given to foreign labor. Fortunately the Mexican war (1846-7), and the California gold exodus (1844-53), took many laborers from the Eastern States, and so compensated in part for the loss of manufacturing labor. The great gold product acted favorably also in diminishing the evil effects of the Walker act. It is true that while import increased, export increased also, but in decidedly smaller proportions. There was, as a result, an adverse balance of trade, averaging thirty-five millions of dollars per year for the whole period (1846-57). Had not the California gold product been developed, the country would have been much sooner reduced to industrial paralysis. As it was, the process was gradual but certain.

The gold production at last reached its culmination, and then, in 1854, the full force of the Walker tariff began to be felt. Let those who would know its results read the story of the prevalent distress in New York City and throughout the country in the winter of 1855, when soup-houses were established to avert starvation, and processions of idle workmen paraded the streets clamoring for work. No such distress was ever witnessed in this country while protective-tariff laws were fully operative.

The authors of the distress of 1855 were, however, persistent in their determination to press the experiment to its conclusion. In 1856 the Democratic national platform declared for "progressive free trade," and in 1857 the party still further reduced the tariff rates, which was followed by the widespread and terrible panic of 1857 to 1860. This reduction did not, however, increase either import or revenue. Our wage-earners had no money to buy more than the merest necessities of life even at European low-wage prices; and the wealthy were little better off, for capital had been so long idle or so poorly employed that all classes felt the pinch of distress. In 1860 President Buchanan thus described the actual condition: "Our manufactures are suspended, thousands of laborers are out of employ and reduced to want, our country in its monetary interests is in desperate condition."

To compare results in another way, let the forty years from 1840 to 1880 be divided into two equal periods. The first period, 1840 to 1860, was covered by revenue tariffs, except the four years 1842 to 1846, when a moderate protective tariff was operative. The second period had a very high war-revenue tariff from 1861 to 1872 (carrying with it, incidentally, a large protective force) and a distinctively protective tariff during the other eight years—1873-80. This second period, however, embraced the terrible Civil War, with its serious check of development, destruction of productive energy, and waste of property. It also suffered the depressing effect of the mild though extended financial panic of 1873-79. This depression, although affecting money values and real estate seriously, did not so sensibly affect labor as the previous panics had done.

The production of pig iron is often taken as an index of industrial prosperity. According to the census reports of the United States the production of the entire country in 1840 was thirty-seven pounds per capita. In 1860 it was fifty-three pounds per capita, a gain of sixteen pounds in the first of the two periods. In 1880 the product was one hundred and fifty-three pounds, a gain of one hundred pounds in the second period.

Again: Taking the total valuation of the aggregate wealth of the entire country as a basis of comparison, the same authority reports as follows: In 1840, \$358 per capita. In 1860, \$514 per capita, an increase of \$156 per capita during the first period. In 1880 the wealth was reported as \$870 per capita, an increase of \$356 per capita in the second period.

The reader may easily draw his own conclusions from the argument of solid facts as to which policy has proven by actual trial to be the better adapted to develop the resources of this country and give prosperity to the laborer. He may also bear in mind the still greater prosperity of the twelve years since 1880.

Our Flag in Brazilian Waters.



NY sensible person who has doubted honestly the wisdom of developing and renewing the United States navy must have had his doubts dispelled by the recent action of Admiral Benham in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Although there was a conflict at first in the reports as to whether the *Detroit* of our new navy actually did fire a one-pound projectile into the stern-post of the *Guanabara*, one of the insurgent vessels commanded by Admiral da Gama, all reports agreed that the American war-ship escorted the American merchantmen, over which the demonstration of hostility began, to her pier, and protected her in unloading her cargo. This is the meat of the situation. Our commerce was protected, and protected promptly, energetically, and without fear of consequences, as becomes a great nation careful of the rights of others,

and now, at last, heaven be praised! beginning to insist that its own rights shall be respected. John Bull couldn't have done better himself in a similar situation.

Our citizens generally have rejoiced over the stand taken by Admiral Benham. To some it seemed that the old-time snap had been restored to the United States flag. It was refreshing to see a display of firmness and aggression again on board an American man-of-war in a foreign harbor. Before the Civil War the commanders of our war-ships time and time again cleared their decks for action, and in the face of an overwhelming force, too; and time and time again such a display of grit compelled the recognition of the United States' dignity and rights. The record of the United States Navy in such matters is a proud one, and Admiral Benham, who seems to be of the old school of naval commanders, will take with him into his retirement from service, two months hence, the grateful appreciation of the nation for his efficient work in displaying not only to the Brazilian rebels, but to every country in the world, that "our flag is still there."

Recently the WEEKLY pointed out that the chief benefit of the possession of a new navy to this country ought to lie in an extension of commerce. The new navy, it was said, would be of far greater use than for jingo displays. Commerce, always timid outside its own immediate domain, is quick to venture where it is sure of efficient protection by the home authority. This is the real secret of England's supremacy on the seas. And this is the policy we must adopt and enforce if we would have a revival of American commerce.

In this view, this demonstration by Admiral Benham ought to be worth millions of dollars to this country. It is a notice to the world that our commerce may go anywhere that the commerce of other nations goes, and that it will be protected to the fullest extent. We have not been at war with Brazil. The insurgents in their effort to bring the government to terms had no right to enforce a blockade and endanger the commercial and other rights of our people. Only by a fiction of international comity has it been possible for Da Gama and Mello to escape being regarded as pirates. Really they have no right to fly the flag of Brazil, but owing to the policy of non-intervention, and the necessity in the interests of humanity of conferring with them, our government and the governments of other nations tacitly recognize them as combatants, but there their standing ends. The moment they interfere with commerce they become pirates, and Admiral Benham would have been justified in treating them as such. It is possible that the action of Admiral Benham may result in bringing this so-called revolution to an end. It has long been regarded as an opera-bouffe rebellion, a war between politicians of high grade for the possession of the government's resources and the possible plunder therein. The people of Brazil seem to be indifferent as to the result, and it is doubtful if any nation besides Great Britain would rejoice at the success of the insurgents. England would like to strengthen herself commercially; she is beginning to realize that within ten years she will have to begin to battle with this country for her commercial supremacy, and that within another ten years the fight will be on in earnest. This is the real meaning and will be the real result of the up-building of our new navy and of the increase in this country of capital, now beginning to seek investment in other fields than real estate, railroads, or mines.

For the sake of those croakers who have maintained that the possession of a navy of high power is a constant temptation to use it, and that such a state of affairs is likely to keep us in hot water, it is a satisfaction to call attention to the fact that Admiral Benham made use of the smallest of the five vessels under his command to bring Da Gama to terms. The *Detroit* is really nothing more than a gun-boat. The *Newark*, *San Francisco*, and *Charleston* are more than twice as large as the *Detroit*, and the *New York* is practically four times as large and much more than four times as efficient. Had the *New York* been used, Admiral Benham might have been condemned by the anti-navy howlers for bullying a weak and defenseless patriot. It is hard to tell what we might not have heard of the terrible brutality of this excellent officer. Alike for the exercise of rare good judgment as well as for his display of force, is the admiral to be commended.

Topics of the Week.

WE recently called attention to the fact that the admission of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Oklahoma as States of the Union would be undesirable for the reason that it would be followed by a formidable addition to the strength of the free-silver party in the Senate. It is now said that the President takes the same view of the case, and that in the event of their passage he will sign with reluctance, if he signs at all, the bills admitting the Territories named. With public opinion as it now is, and is likely to remain, in the region west of the Mississippi, it is not probable that any man opposed to the unlimited coinage of silver could be elected to either house of Congress, and the President would be clearly justified, since no public interest would suffer in the least from the continued exclusion of these Territories, in declining to jeopardize the financial welfare of the country

by making possible such an accession to a dangerous element in the national legislature.

It would be hard to find a more contemptible lot of hypocrites than the so-called "Cleveland Democrats" who have seats in the New York Assembly. These superlative patriots have been for a whole year denouncing the legislation by which the people of Buffalo were deprived of the right of self-government and subjected to the outrageous despotism of the Sheehan bosses. They were eager, as they declared, to get a chance to smite down the spoilers and bullies who were plundering the people. But when this chance came, on the bill to take the control of the Buffalo police from Sheehan and his gang, and on other measures to restore local self-government, these "Cleveland Democrats" suddenly forgot all their loud pretensions and voted to perpetuate the evils which they have denounced as intolerable. They did the same thing in reference to bills for the repeal of the legislation under which the city of Lansingburg has been ravaged by partisan buccaneers. In comparison with such infidelity as this to convictions vehemently avowed, and to the highest interests of the people, even Sheehanism, bad as it is, becomes almost respectable.

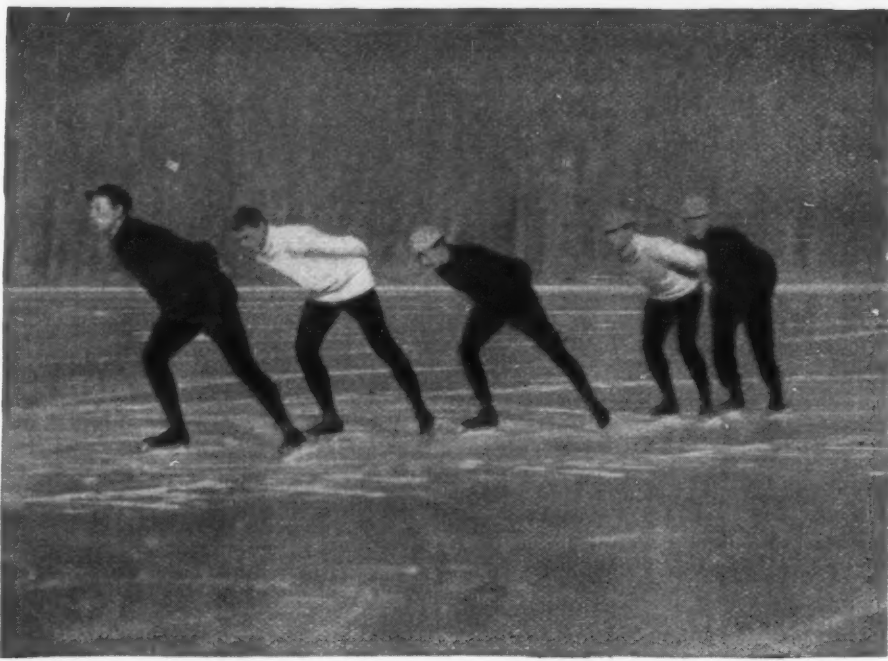
MR. CLEVELAND's perversity of conduct is rapidly alienating the friendship of the men to whom he has been indebted in the past for conspicuous and valuable support. Some of these admirers express the utmost amazement at his departure from those ideals of which he was regarded as the peculiar representative, and it is not surprising that in their disappointment men of this class should contemplate the Democratic future with something of despair. If Mr. Cleveland, the apostle of purity and reform, the Moses who was to lead the party to new heights of usefulness and glory, cannot be depended upon for wise and vigorous leadership, where shall Democracy look for a deliverer? A list of the men who are just now, as the result of Mr. Cleveland's amazing course, facing and anxiously discussing this problem, would include hundreds of men of the class represented by Oswald Ottendorfer, Carl Schurz, and E. L. Godkin. An attempt is made in some quarters to excuse the aberrations of the President on the ground of ill-health, but the sources of the disease lie deeper than that; they are the outcome of arrogant self-will joined to colossal conceit and pride of opinion—qualities which are sure to bring the possessor, sooner or later, to disaster and contempt.

THE banking and other financial institutions of New York City have again vindicated their patriotism and solicitude for the preservation of the public credit. In spite of their conviction that Secretary Carlisle has no authority in law to issue bonds except for the purpose of redeeming United States notes, seeing that the condition of the treasury was desperate, and that the failure of the loan would impair our credit abroad, the managers of these institutions came forward with generous subscriptions to the loan, amounting in forty-eight hours to nearly sixty million dollars, and thus placed its success beyond all question. It has been the fashion in certain quarters to denounce Wall Street and the "New York gold bugs" as governed by selfishness and rapacity in all their transactions with the government. Their action in the present emergency affords another illustration of the injustice of this accusation. Our financial institutions subscribed for these bonds not because they wanted them or because they will profit by handling them—they would have rejoiced if the Secretary could have placed them elsewhere—but solely out of consideration for the public interests—a consideration which some of their critics are, we fancy, utterly incapable of appreciating.

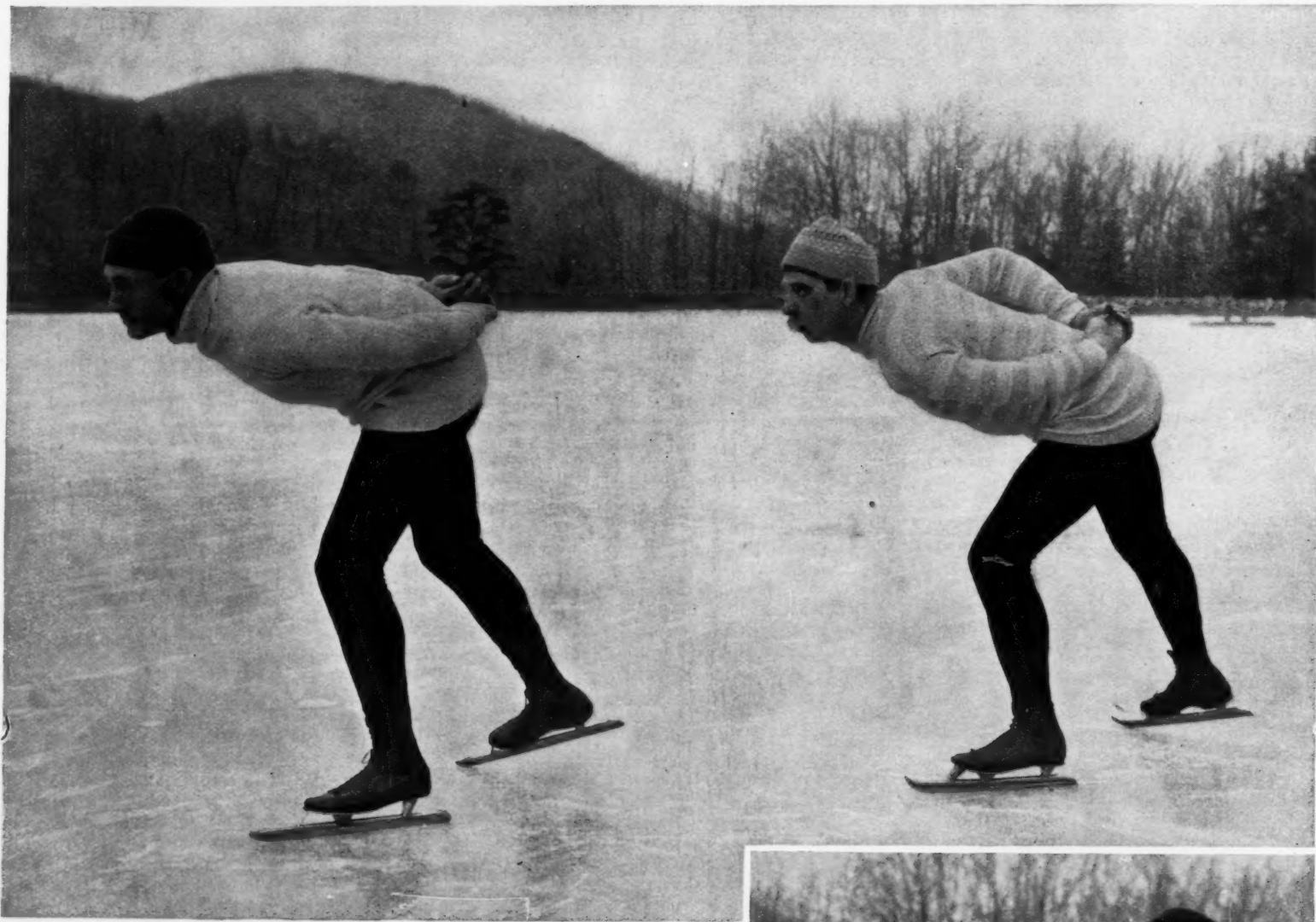
GOVERNOR TILLMAN of South Carolina is by no means an ideal personage, but he has displayed some qualities as an executive which must commend him to the approval of law-abiding citizens. His course in reference to the enforcement of the Dispensary law has certainly shown that he is absolutely fearless in the performance of what he conceives to be his duty. This law has been stubbornly resisted in Charleston, where something in the nature of a conspiracy against it and the officers charged with its execution has been organized by the liquor interest. It is said that spies and sporters dog the steps of the constables and harass them with threats of personal violence; that this defiance of law is encouraged in more influential quarters; and it is this state of affairs which provokes Governor Tillman to aggressive action. He meets the bulldozing of the liquor-sellers with this declaration: "The law will have to be obeyed. I will stop illicit whisky-selling in Charleston if it takes all the military and constables in the State to do it, and even if we have to kill a few of these Italian cut-throats and bulldozers." There is no mistaking the meaning of this declaration. The Governor is not wise, perhaps, in his talk about killing, but he is right in his determination to maintain and enforce the laws, and if he should actually employ the military, as he says he will if necessary to do so, and those who defy him should become victims of his displeasure and their own folly, right-minded people would overlook his intemperance of speech in their approval of his fidelity to official duty.



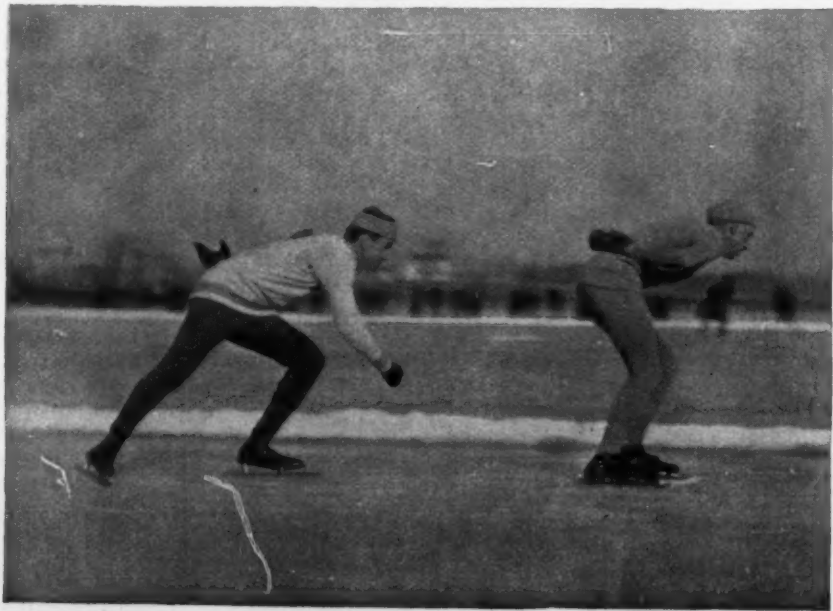
THE RIVALS, JOHNSON AND JOE DONOGHUE.



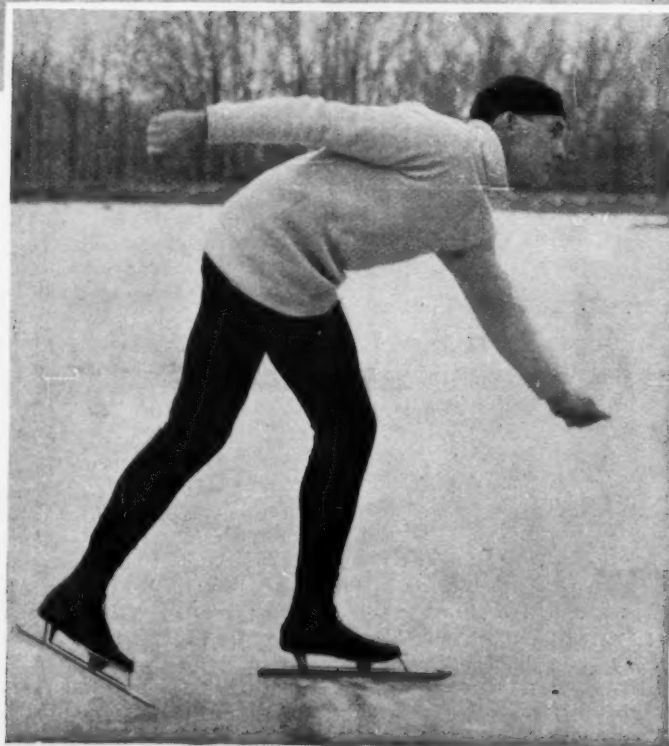
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"HELEN BERRY" AND "NATHANIEL" (JAMES A. HERNE).



"YOUNG NAT," "NELLIE," AND "SAM WARREN."



"SAM WARREN" COURTING "NELLIE."



COOKING THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER—"STOP POURIN' THAT WATER!"

THE SPINSTER'S CHANGE OF HEART.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

"BUT, aunt, you have never met her."

"No, Ralph, I have never even met her."

The young man colored a little, for he noticed the invidious distinction in his aunt's tone even more than her words, but, repressing his disposition to make a sharp retort, he continued, in a persuasive tone:

"But you have seen her; you know how beautiful she is, and I assure you that she is as good as she is beautiful."

"I have no doubt that is the exact limitation."

"Oh, aunt! how can you be so prejudiced?"

"How long have you known her?"

"Oh, a long time. Ever since she came here to teach school."

"Barely six months. And, upon the little that a young man can possibly learn of a girl in that short time, you assume to vouch for her goodness. What a rash boy you are."

"But she has told me all about herself."

"She has ordinary intelligence, I presume?"

"Ordinary! Oh, very much more."

"Very much more would not be necessary. Just a little would be sufficient to prevent her telling you anything she wanted to conceal."

"A pure soul like hers has nothing to hide."

"Indeed? How lonesome her pure soul must feel in this wicked world."

She spoke in a sarcastic, sneering tone, and raising over her thin, aquiline nose her gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which she wielded by a long mother-of-pearl handle, eyed him with a supercilious stare that he well understood was not meant for him, but as an expression of her social attitude toward the subject of their conversation. He felt that her purpose was to exasperate him to the point of making a quarrel that would serve as an excuse for her unwarrantable antagonism to his ardently cherished design. Appreciating this fully, he forced himself to continue his conciliatory tone.

"Come now, my dear aunt," he said, "be good-natured. I do really love my little Eva very much indeed, and your consent to our marriage is all that we need to make us happy."

"Oh, you are mistaken. You need very much more. Your father—whom you resemble very much in many ways—had some such idea as you profess when he induced your mother, my unfortunate sister Lucille, to run away with and marry him. He soon learned that cash—and not the sympathetic consent of anybody—was the one thing needful."

"Oh, I have no fears but what we can get along very nicely."

"As a painter?" queried the lady, with an indulgent, pitying smile. "If you are very industrious, and paint a great many very good pictures, your children may derive some benefit from them when you are dead. Your father was an artist. He starved."

"Well, I'll take my chance on that. I'll get along somehow."

"You will get along very comfortably if you will take my advice, which is to let Miss Eva do altogether alone. I shall never consent to your doing so foolish a thing as marrying her. You know that I am no pauper, and understand that all I have to leave shall be yours if no grave reason arises to cause me to otherwise dispose of my property. But I can imagine no graver reason than your marrying this little nobody, a mere school-mistress, who has entrapped your boyish fancy with her pretty face. To that I shall be unalterably opposed as long as I live."

With these words Miss Alista Loomis arose from her seat on the porch and passed into the house without waiting for any reply. Her nephew, Ralph Burdell, remained where he was, moodily pondering upon the cruelty and injustice of Fate, as personified by his aunt. What could he, what should he, and what would he do? were three very puzzling horns of his dilemma. He had been left an orphan when only a little lad, and Miss Loomis had raised and educated him. For her kindness—though her sacrifice had been comparatively small, for she was very rich—he was not ungrateful, and since leaving college, three or four years before this time, he had taken pleasure in doing her really valuable service as an overseer and general manager of her large estate. But he could not feel that she had a right to forbid his marriage. She seemed to him actuated simply by an envious and malicious whim. She hated to see people getting married, and called them fools when they did so; that he knew

well enough—but she might have been more reasonable in his case. But what could he do? He had not a dollar that he could rightly call his own, and he knew, as well as she did, that art was a doubtful resource. Could he venture to ask Eva to share a struggle against poverty such as would be inevitable if they married now in defiance of his aunt's will?

While he pondered thus Miss Loomis had quitted the house and made her way along the very path toward the school-house that Ralph would have been traversing at this very time if the world had not gone wrong with him. On the way she, of course by apparent accident, encountered the school-mistress.

A very pretty, plump little brunette was Eva Daniels, with a good broad forehead, large, tenderly-expressive black eyes, and a smile so winsome that the elderly spinster thought to herself, "No wonder a young man should be infatuated with her—the artful minx." But her greeting of the young woman was superficially friendly, and after a few words of indifferent preliminary conversation about the weather and the school, she said:

"Oh, by the way, since we have met, there is something that I have thought I would like to speak to you about—if you have the time to spare."

"Certainly; my work for the day is done," replied Eva, blushing and feeling her heart throb with expectancy, for naturally she felt that it was about Ralph that Ralph's aunt wished to speak with her.

"Ralph tells me," resumed the elder lady, bluntly, "that you and he have been talking nonsense to each other, in the way that young persons so generally and so foolishly do."

"I—I didn't think that there was anything so particularly foolish about it," stammered the girl.

"No; of course you didn't. Young folks never do. The illusion that they call love seems to them the profoundest wisdom."

"It is one that the wisest and best of all ages have respected," answered Eva with a forced smile.

Miss Loomis pursed her lips severely and gave vent to an audible sniff, expressive of her contempt for a world of precedents. Then she retorted, frigidly:

"I do not propose to enter into a discussion concerning love in the abstract. I intend simply to speak of its pre-eminent folly so far as my nephew is concerned."

Eva paled, but made no answer. The spinster went on:

"As you are probably aware, he has nothing. He is altogether dependent upon me. The profession that he has seen fit to adopt is an unprofitable one. Years would have to elapse before he could gain a reputation in it that would enable him to earn a living by it. What, then, has he upon which to assume the responsibility of supporting a wife, and, in all probability, a horde of children? Nothing. Sanguine young fools say, 'We will endure poverty contentedly and happily if we are together.' Bah! They do not know what poverty is. It means a comfortless, cheerless home; a gang of hungry, ragged, dirty, squalling brats; a discouraged, dispirited, hopeless, slatternly wife; a threadbare, penniless wretch of a husband, who realizes too late that marriage has hanged a millstone about his neck."

"I'm sure I don't see," protested the little school-teacher, her lips trembling and her eyes filling with tears, "why you draw such a terrible picture."

"Because it is one that you and my nephew are desirous of realizing. His marrying you would be an egregious folly. Your marrying him would be an act of selfishness little short of a crime. The mean cares of mere existence that you would make the constant burden of his life would blight his genius, condemn him to hopeless mediocrity, and blast his life. And he would hate you for it when his eyes were opened. I will not countenance such a ruin of a man's life. He may marry you if he will, but if he does he and I will thenceforth be strangers. You need not think that I will change my mind, take care of you both, and make him my heir. If he marries you he need not look to me for sympathy, assistance, or benefits, under any circumstances, and whatever I have to leave will never concern him."

After that painful interview Eva, though she felt that it was breaking her heart, was resolute in her refusal to accede to the rash step of an

immediate marriage, upon which Ralph had finally determined. The thought that she would be bringing upon him such misfortune and misery as the spinster had foretold made her firm in saying no. The best that her lover could win from her was a promise that she would wait patiently for him until he gained a reasonable certainty of such small income as would enable them to live comfortably.

With a promptitude that amazed and angered his aunt, Ralph took his departure for the big city, to prove his worthiness to assume a man's place in the world. He made no explanations, confided no plans, asked no favors or even encouragement, but simply said "Good-bye," and went. Miss Loomis had not even thought of the possibility of his doing such a thing, and began to realize that a maiden lady's purely theoretical knowledge of man was a poor basis for prescience as to what he might do under unusual conditions. Still she comforted herself with the thought that Ralph would come back when he found what a tough time he would have in trying to live by art in the city.

That expectation, though she did not suspect it, was another demonstration of the insufficiency of her knowledge of man. Ralph would have starved, had need been, sooner than give up. In fact, he did do a little starving—not much more really than was good for his health, but still more than was pleasant—for he made a hard struggle to win fame and fortune by painting. But it did not take him a great while to discover that that road was much too long. His artistic conceptions were good, his drawing admirable, his handling of color excellent; in short, his pictures were charming, but nobody cared to buy them, for he had no reputation. Fortunately he had a good strong vein of practicality in his composition. In five months he had fully satisfied himself that the laurels of art were not, like the kingdom of heaven, to be "taken by violence"; a knowledge that his unhappy artist-father had not attained in all his life. Then he went to work in a fashion that the world could appreciate and accept, and for which it would reward him. He became an illustrator of books and periodical publications. Publishers were not slow in discovering that the cleanness of his drawing and nice exactitude of line work made his pictures peculiarly effective for "process" reproduction, while his artistic feeling enabled him to do the "wash" drawings required by fine wood-engravers in the style of a real master. It was but a little time until he had all the orders he could fill and was in regular receipt of a certain income, superior to that attainable by most lawyers or doctors until they have commenced to grow gray.

Of his successful progress Miss Loomis had no information, and she was not a little worried about him. The spinster was not a bad-hearted woman and had more love for her nephew than she had shown; more, indeed, than she was aware of until he had gone from her. Her idea of painters generally was that they came by unhappy ways to bad ends, and she thought that if Ralph had really come to penury, and possibly death, in his vain struggle against Fate, she would never be able to cease reproaching herself as his murderess. Sooner than that she would have had him marry the school-mistress; but doubtless trouble had driven that fancy out of his mind by this time, and he was simply staying away through sheer obstinacy. Once she met Eva and was both horrified and scandalized at the blithe and happy appearance of that young woman, who was "evidently one of the out-of-sight-out-of-mind" sort of persons," she said to herself. The idea, strangely enough, did not once occur to her that Eva might have more recent and correct knowledge of Ralph and his affairs than she possessed.

Once only had the old maid heard from her rebellious nephew. Somebody had told her of meeting him in the city. It was just about the close of his endeavor as a painter exclusively, and he was poorly dressed, thin, haggard-looking and, as he confessed, earning nothing. She wrote to him, but, of course, could not refrain from putting some sharply unpleasant things in her letter, and his only response was a courteous but frigid acknowledgment of its receipt and return of the fifty-dollar bill that she had inclosed. Then she heard nothing more from him. And she missed him sorely. Her business affairs suffered for lack of his attention; the old mansion seemed sadly lonely and silent without him; and now another winter, the second since his departure, was coming on, and she felt that it would be inexpressibly dreary for her.

One evening, just at dusk, a stout little elderly gentleman, driving along the road, stopped before the gate upon which the spinster happened to be leaning at the time, and made inquiry for one Squire McCollum, supposed to live somewhere in that neighborhood. She gave

the information desired and the stranger, thanking her, drove on, but had gone only a little way when he wheeled his buggy around and came back.

"Pardon me," he said, "but am I mistaken in supposing that I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Alista Loomis?"

"That is my name, sir," she replied, looking at him with not a little curiosity.

"Why, I thought so," he rejoined heartily. "I was sure of it the moment I heard your voice, though there isn't light enough for me to see your face clearly; but I'll wager you don't remember me?"

Hesitatingly she answered that she "could not exactly place" him.

"No; no wonder if you couldn't," he said, with a pleasant little laugh. "I've got old and fat and bald since the last time I danced with you. But, bless me! you haven't changed at all. Dear me! when I look at you it seems to have been only yesterday. And of course, since you don't remember me, you can't recall what I said to you the last time we met, to which you said no?"

"Why, I believe I do remember you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Bull—Caleb Bull."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Bull. Indeed, I recollect you perfectly now. And I'm more than glad to see you. But, as you say, you have changed a little. Won't you come in?"

Mr. Bull did "come in"; and he came in often thereafter. His first visit was the forerunner of a journey in search of a man who owned a tract of land, in an adjoining State, that he desired to purchase; but his subsequent calls were wholly on Miss Alista's account. It appeared that at some more or less remotely antecedent period—neither of them cared to fix it very definitely—he had been infatuated with her and had asked her to become Mrs. Bull. She had declined, for she thought she had the world to pick and choose from in those days, and had even forgotten him, but the impression she had made upon his heart had never been effaced.

"Yes, you said no, and a very sensible thing it was, too, at the time, Miss Loomis, as I now recognize," he remarked in conversation one evening; "for I then had my way to make in the world and naturally have got ahead much better than I could if I had been hampered with a wife and—other possibilities. Not but what we both might have seen a good deal of happiness together in the years that have flown by, if you had happened to take to me as I did to you. Still, I suppose I've got ten thousand dollars to-day, for every hundred I might have if I'd had a family to provide for all this time."

Alista sighed gently. For once this cold-blooded weighing of cash against Cupid did not seem to strike a responsive chord in her bosom, as it probably might had the philosophy been applied to some other person's case than her own. But she only replied:

"So you have never married?"

"No. I never again summoned up courage enough to ask any girl to have me. I wanted you, and when you would not have me, that settled the matter so far as I was concerned."

"Ah! Perhaps you would have been happier if you had not taken that disappointment so much to heart; accepted it so readily as conclusive. We—we—don't know what is best for us, nor indeed do we really know our own minds, when we are young."

"I wish I could think that you didn't know your own mind when you said no to me, that time."

"Oh, Mr. Bull! What good could it do you now to think so?"

"It would encourage me to ask you to reconsider your answer upon that occasion."

Miss Loomis simpered, blushed, and sighed, in a way that was, at her age, somewhat ridiculous, it must be confessed. But Mr. Bull did not see it in that light, which goes to show how very much he was in earnest. True love never sees absurdity in the adored one, even though in the sight of all others it may be vast enough to hide the landscape and obstruct navigation, figuratively speaking. That is why Love is said to be blind.

To be brief in the statement of facts, Mr. Bull felt himself encouraged to ask his question again, and this time received the answer that he had hoped for twenty-five years before.

Matrimony looming up in her near future would have made Miss Loomis very happy if she could have refrained from thinking, "What will people say?" She had actually become famous as one who scorned and even loathed the thought of marriage, and now—! What had jokes would not be made at her expense? A happy thought occurred to her. She would change front by degrees. Her first step should be a full and free consent to the marriage of her nephew with the school-mistress—if happily

they had not changed their minds about its desirability. With this intent in view she went to the school-house, to tender the olive-branch to Eva Daniels. A new and strange face met her—that of a sharp-featured woman at least as old as herself, who said that she was the “new instructress.” Eva had resigned the place and gone away, no one knew whither, a week before. Alas, for delayed good intentions! Miss Loomis began to fear that when she sought Ralph, he, too, would be found to have gone away, or perhaps have succumbed to the pressure of adversity.

The next time that Mr. Bull called she made full confession of her trouble and penitence to him, and enlisted his services in hunting up her nephew, a mission that he quite willingly accepted.

“You will find him,” she said, “somewhere in the big city, but the Lord knows where; probably starving alone in a garret among piles of unsalable pictures, as I am told young artists mostly do. And you’ll tell him that—that—my ideas about marrying have changed, and that I’m very sorry.”

“Sorry! What for? That they have changed?”
“Oh, no, Caleb! You know what I mean. Sorry that I acted so meanly with him and Eva. And get him to come back with you.”

Mr. Bull had no trouble in finding the young artist, whose name was already well known, and the telegram he sent to Miss Loomis—it happened to be on St. Valentine’s day—read:

“Have found them both. They are married, and he is making lots of money.”

The reconciliation between the happy young couple and the spinster was readily effected, and they merrily accepted all blame for leading her astray by their example when she, not long afterward, became Mrs. Caleb Bull.

Valentine.

(With a sprig of mountain laurel.)

SWEETHEART, 'neath snowdrifts cold

Behold

How green the laurel grows!

Though icy foes unite

And smite,

No chilling change it knows.

Thus love doth bear its part,

Sweetheart,

While wintry tempests range;

Though woe and hate unite

And smite,

It knows no chilling change.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Struggle in Brazil.

EVENTS in Brazil seem surely drawing to a crisis. Mello's followers are dispirited, and the country is very tired of the fruitless struggle. Mello had expected a general uprising of the people and a brilliant and speedy success. No one counted on a prolonged disturbance of the country.

It is not true that there have been revolts in the northern States. Occasionally some sympathizer with Mello has been arrested, but there has been nothing in the nature of a revolt, and nothing to indicate the struggle in the south but the poor rates of exchange, general stagnation of business, and excessive charges for everything. Even the fare in street-cars has been doubled.

We endeavor to treat the situation in an impartial spirit, giving praise where praise seems due, with an entire absence of partisan bias. Da Gama is honest in his belief that a restoration of the monarchy would be conducive to the best interests of his country. But the masses are republicans, a limited number of the older people and, very naturally, the clerical party being monarchists.

Prudente de Moraes is a candidate for the next presidential election. He is a good lawyer and about fifty years of age. He is quite wealthy, and lives in Campinas, in the State of Sao Paulo, on a large coffee plantation which he owns. Even his political opponents concede that he is a very honest, widely respected man. He was a member of the first Congress of the republic, and his friends claim that had there been a fair vote he would have been elected President instead of Fonseca, but of this we have no personal knowledge. It was always well known—even during the empire—that Moraes was an ardent republican. He opposed the abolition of slavery; being very conservative, he did not consider the country ready for such legislation at the time it was effected. He can scarcely rely upon the enthusiastic support of former slaves at the polls next March. He is now president of the Senate.

The Rear-Admiral Saldanha da Gama is one of the most able and influential officers of the Brazilian navy. He is, and always has been, a strong monarchist, and was greatly esteemed and trusted by the late Emperor. For some

time after the present insurrection broke out he remained neutral, and when he finally decided to cast in his lot with Mello and the other insurgents his decision gave much additional prestige to their cause, his incorruptibility and moral influence being undoubted. His recent monarchical manifesto proves that he has the courage of his convictions, be they right or ill-advised. It was not considered politic of him to issue the manifesto at the time he did so. Before joining the insurgents he was superintendent of the naval academy at Rio. He was born in Rio, but is descended from the noble Portuguese family of Da Gama. He has visited the United States—a country he is very partial to—several times, and speaks English with great fluency. In his recent action it is believed that he was somewhat influenced by the clerical party. It is strange to observe the seeming quiet and apathy of that party—an apathy that can scarcely be other than seeming, considering the greater perquisites and privileges it enjoyed under the empire, when the State in great measure supported the church. The Princess Isabella, Countess d'Eu, is noted for her devoutness. Strange stories are told of her walking to church barefooted, and kneeling and praying from step to step up a long flight leading to the church doors. No doubt the priests would gladly have the monarchy restored with her for ruler. She was always a great abolitionist and used all her influence and—when regent—power to further emancipation. Notwithstanding her goodness she is very generally disliked by the people.

Frederico Augusto Borges is one of President Peixoto's most intimate and trusted friends; his province being law and journalism, and not the sword, accounts for the infrequent mention of his name. In both his chosen professions he is highly distinguished. He teaches and practices law in Rio. He is the editor of *O Tempo*, one of the few newspapers of Rio which have not been suppressed. He formerly edited the *Diário do Commercio*. He is also a member of Congress. He is from the State of Ceara, and is about forty years of age. He has a wife and two sons. His wife is the daughter of one of the judges of the Supreme Court. His brother, Pedro Augusto Borges, is a distinguished physician residing in Ceara. Another brother, who died recently, was a most able civil engineer. His father was Colonel Octaviano Borges, of the army. The family is very clever. A blind sister is a fine musician. Another sister, now deceased, was the wife of Admiral Mello's oldest brother, a physician.

The men sketched in this article are not all ranged on the same side of the present unpleasantness; they honestly differ on this subject, just as honest men from time immemorial have, and will continue to differ. They are all possible future presidents, with the exception, perhaps, of Da Gama, whose monarchical sentiments might cause him to decline to serve his country in that capacity. MANSFIELD.

The Late George W. Childs.

THE late George W. Childs was one of the notable men of his time. In the truest sense he was the architect of his own fame and fortune. Born in obscurity and commencing life as a wage-earner at two dollars a week, he made his way by inherent force of character to eminence in affairs, attaining a place among the great millionaires of the country and exercising a large influence upon the public opinion of his day. His charities were almost world-wide, and it is perhaps quite within the truth to say that his name was as well known in Europe as a public-spirited benefactor as it was at home. His benevolences included almost every worthy object. He was particularly the friend of ambitious talent seeking advancement. Many a struggling aspirant was lifted by his timely aid to heights of success. His relations with his own immediate employes were especially kindly and considerate. He insured the life of every editor, reporter, clerk, and head of department in his employ; encouraged them to faithful service by needed vacations; supplied them with medical attendance when ill, and in every possible way consulted their comfort and welfare. As a journalist his success was largely due to a just conception of the functions of the press and its responsibility for the use of its power in the furtherance of good morals and sound social order. The success of the *Public Ledger*, of which he became the owner in 1864, was due as largely to this right conception of the office of a journalist as to his acknowledged business capacity. It is said that his income from this journal reached the sum of half a million dollars a year, and of this amount a large proportion was expended in charities which were never known to the public.

In all the walks of life, whether domestic,

social, or business, he was essentially a model of the highest type of manhood. He enjoyed intimate relations with the most eminent men of his time, and his friendship was sought and valued by leaders in both the business and political activities of the country. His literary friendships included both America and Europe. Thackeray and Dickens were numbered among his intimates. Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, has given him honors greater than he has accorded any other American citizen.

His career affords another striking illustration of the possibilities which inhere in the conditions of American society, and attest afresh the fact that men are so apt to forget, that industry, integrity, and conscientiousness of purpose achieve in the long run the highest prizes of life.

Vignettes of the Day.

WHAT a nuisance the average after-dinner speaker is! Depew still charms us; St. Clair McKelway instructs us; Horace Porter and Joseph H. Choate amuse us, but Bob Ingersoll hypnotizes us—or, at any rate, obtains the mastery over us by his sweet voice, his marvelous use of metaphor, and his always-perfect English. Recently I sat opposite him at dinner. The conversation was upon all sorts of topics for a time, and then some one made use of a quotation from rare Bobbie Burns. Ingersoll was interested. He laid down his fork, adjusted his spectacles, and for ten minutes poured forth a tribute to Scotia's matchless singer. It was earnest, unaffected, humanly real, a series of unequalled word-pictures, a tribute as pure as the waters that still flow from Mungo's spring on the banks of the Doon. Later, Colonel Ingersoll replied to his toast on some other subject and was rapturously applauded, but his public speech was no more like his private talk than water is like good wine. It is after hearing Ingersoll, Depew, and the others mentioned that one comes to the conclusion that the average after-dinner speaker is insufferably stupid.

One of the editors most talked about, outside the profession of journalism, is E. L. Godkin of the *Evening Post*. He is one of the best editorial “leader writers” in this country. He has wonderful command of language. He has a most retentive memory. He never forgets nor forgets. He cares nothing for what men say about him. He has few intimates. He never attends public functions, nor has he ever been known to make a public speech. He is a member of only one club. There are not a dozen newspaper men outside of those employed in his own office who could tell you what he looks like. Yet he is one of the most powerful factors in New York journalism. He hates shams and delights to puncture a fraud. Friends and foes alike recognize his great ability.

There is no busier man in New York than ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt. When he is so weary of business and politics that he can hardly hold up his head he goes to the theatre. This is his only recreation. He frequently goes to the theatre three and four times a week, and always to see plays that “make you laugh.” Mr. Platt says a play full of fun refreshes him quicker than any medicine.

It was only about a dozen years ago that Bourke Cockran used to wonder where he would get enough money to pay his car fare up and down town. Now he is the private counsel for George J. Gould and William Waldorf Astor, and his law business readily yields him one hundred thousand dollars a year.

And now we have John Drew, actor as well as actor. This clever son of a clever mother recently wrote a capital magazine article, and his name is blazoned from one end of the land to the other. When Drew was in Daly's company he was not allowed to fraternize with other actors and newspaper men, and I recall a visit he paid to a certain newspaper office to see an old friend, and the secrecy with which he slipped in and out of the sanctum so that Mr. Daly should not hear of it. Now he is in the flood-tide of success, and, if rumor be even half correct, has a much larger bank account than his old employer. It is well enough to have brains, but one must have pluck, perseverance, and independence as well.

There are said to be one hundred thousand idle men in New York City, and public charity is invoked to help feed the starving. Yet at seven o'clock one evening this week it was impossible to find an unoccupied table in

Delmonico's or the restaurants of the Holland House, the Hoffman House, or the Waldorf Hotel, all places where an ordinary dinner means the expenditure of from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per person at the lowest estimate.

You may see on Broadway, on any fine afternoon, two of the world's most famous tenors, men now forgotten, who sang their way into the hearts of their fellow-men, as they strutted their brief day upon the stage. Now they have passed from public gaze as the mists melt before the rising sun. One is Italo Campanini, and the other Victor Capoul. What memories their names recall! The echoes of the old sweet songs come back to us, and there are visions of dainty women clapping their jeweled hands together in ecstasy of delight, while men shout “Bravo, bravo!” The voices of these once great singers have gone, and the poor fellows are toiling to make a living by instructing others. Capoul was said to be the best stage lover ever seen in opera here. Women raved over him, and sent him their jewels and bushels of love-letters. Men imitated his dress and even the cut of his hair; and Nilsson, of glorious voice and memory, idolized him. Campanini was not so fortunate as Capoul, perhaps, in this regard, but still women adored him, and his voice was as “sweet as the music of the harper harping on his harp.”

There is no applause for them now, only the pushing and jostling of the crowd as it surges up Broadway at nightfall.

Who was it said that sorrow's crown of sorrows is the memory of happier days?

FOSTER COATES.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

ANY applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00, to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

John Y. McKane.

PERSISTENCE and material obstinacy are expressed in this countenance, but it is without concentration, and, although indicative of alertness and ready idea, does not bear the stamp of an intellectual mentality. The eyes and eyebrows speak a mind capable of unraveling an intricate mesh of little ideas, but which is never given to broad thought and is without reflective habit in the best sense. The nose suggests a distinct individuality, and the mouth, although

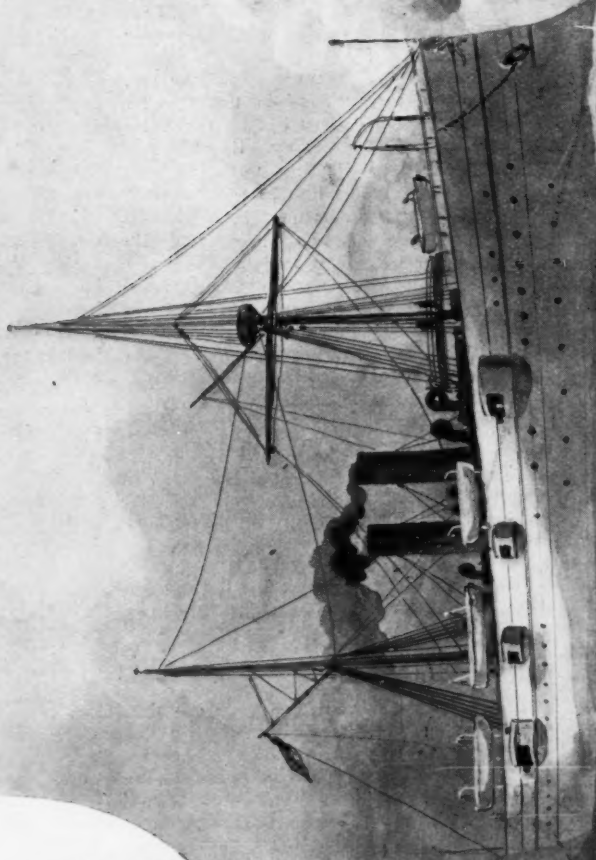


so nearly hidden, betrays an ardent temperament, well loving the pleasures of life and material in taste and tendency. The chin is obstinate and set in opinion. Beneath the eyes is readiness in speech and, very largely developed, self-confidence and egotism. A prominent upper lip declares a habit of self-gratification and a hot temper, which is usually under control, while the general shape of the head is without spirituality, without delicacy of taste, without inspiration, and, being perfectly flat on top rather than well-rounded, lacks entirely in that quality of veneration which sustains the moral sense and imbues respect for ideals and facts of high value.

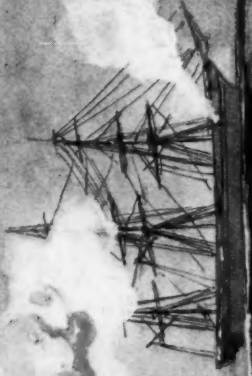
The cruiser *San Francisco*.



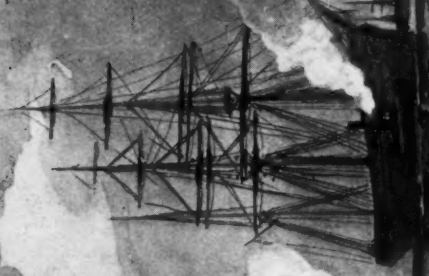
The United States cruiser *Detroit*.



The insurgent vessel *Guandara*.

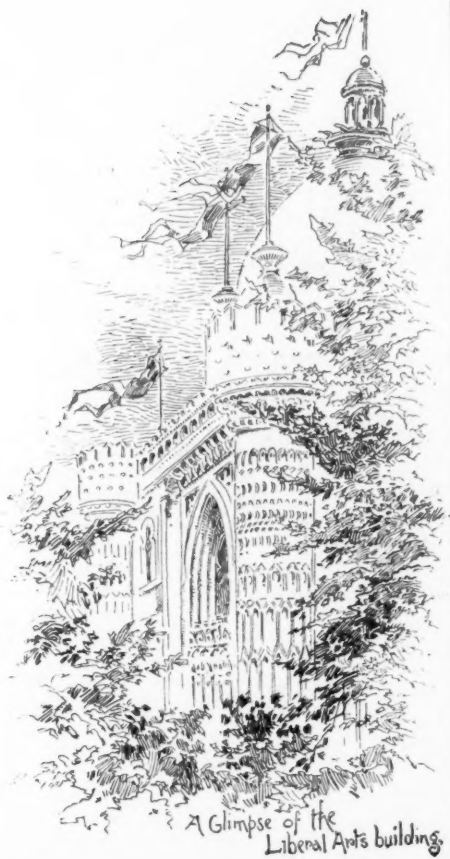


The American bark *Good News*.



"OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE!"

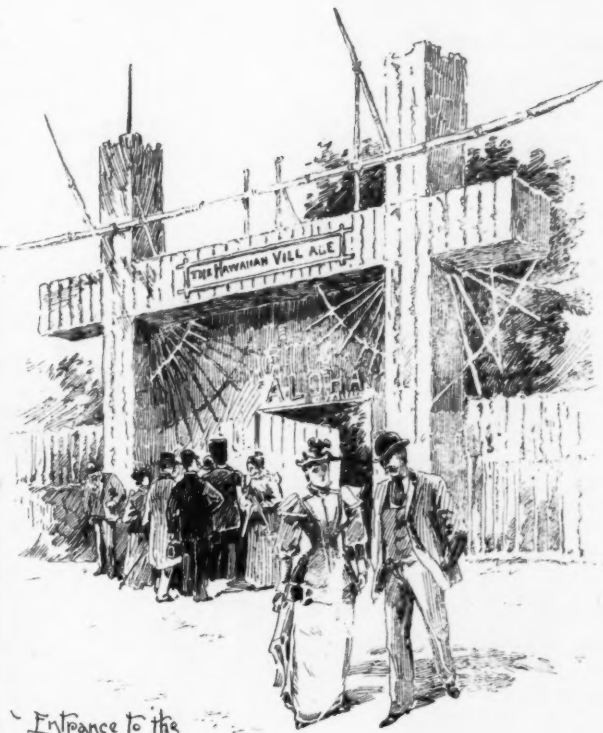
ADMIRAL BENHAM ASSERTS AND PROTECTS THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN COMMERCE AGAINST INSURGENT INTERFERENCE IN THE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



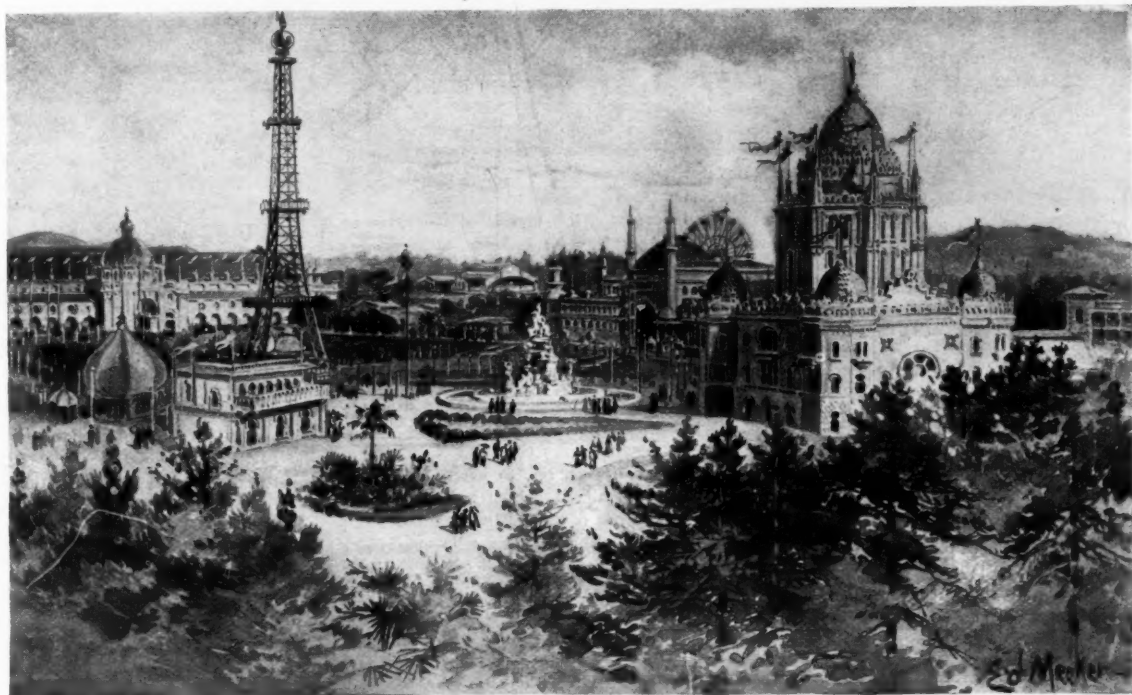
A Glimpse of the Liberal Arts building.



Entrance to the Fine Arts building



Entrance to the Hawaiian Village.



View of Exhibition Grounds from San Joaquin Tower



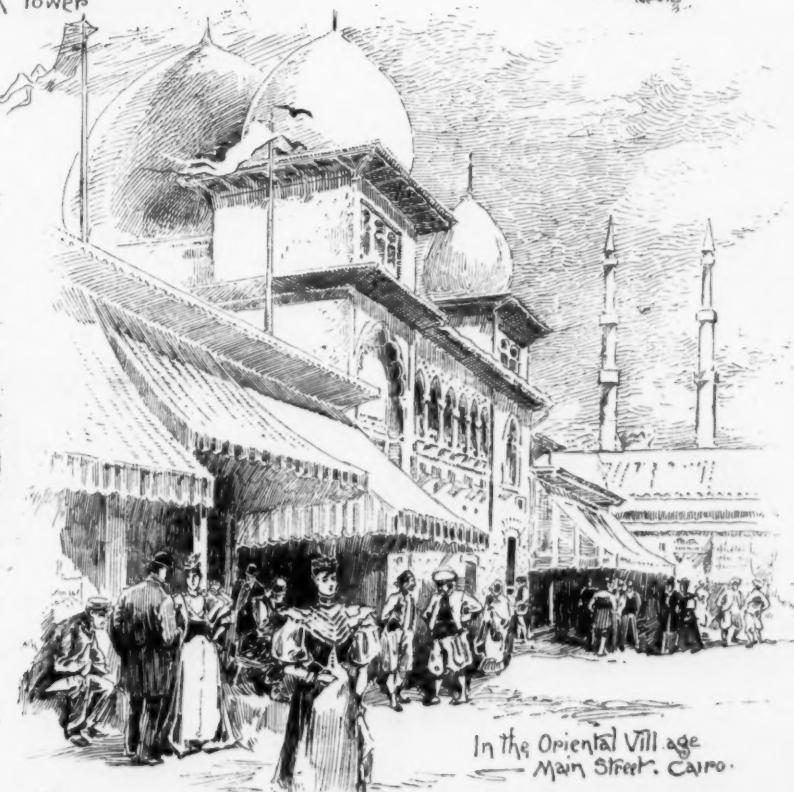
Old Mining Camp U. S. Senator Perkins



John W. Mackays Mining Cabin



Approach to the Fine Arts building



In the Oriental Village Main Street, Cairo.



STREET VACCINATIONS IN PARIS FROM A VACCINATED HEIFER.

Vaccination in New York and Paris.

Up to date the New York City Board of Health, through its corps of physicians, has vaccinated over thirty-two thousand people. Private practitioners are thought to have equalled the public record at least, so that the aggregate of freshly-scarred arms and limbs is now comfortably large, and the possibility of a small-pox epidemic is absolutely eliminated from the calculations of those who watch over the town's physical well-being. The care used in procuring and applying the virus could not be greater. The "points" reach the Board of Health from responsible persons who run what are called "vaccine farms." In other words, the sellers make a specialty of inoculating cattle and supplying fresh lymph. Besides this, all the "points" used by private practitioners, or sold by druggists, must be procured from the board. A medical man who scratches a patient with a point not authenticated by the authorities runs a chance of getting into serious trouble. As a consequence, although vaccination has been extremely thorough, the first case of blood poisoning therefrom has yet to be reported.

But it is not in New York alone that the great discovery of Jenner has been put to practical use during the last few weeks. All the capitals and cities of Europe have employed the anti-scourge remedy. In Paris, however, the precautions to secure absolute purity of the lymph are remarkable and worthy of mention. The Institute of Animal Vaccination, there located, has organized, at the demand of the municipal authorities, a system of free domiciliary visits. To any house suspected of or liable to contagion the institute sends a conveyance containing one of its vaccinated heifers, and all the exposed people are promptly treated. During the last three months the doctors of the institute have vaccinated thus publicly over twenty thousand persons. They are very welcome everywhere, as well as their little heifers (which are of a rough, hardy breed). There are seventeen of these heifers, from six to seven months old, specially inoculated for the production of vaccine matter. Their stable at the Institute of Animal Vaccination is carefully kept, and the animals are surrounded with all the necessary precautions. The operators vaccinate two heifers a day in the same stable. Bound upon the table of preparation, they shave the under half of the stomach, upon which they make several scarifications a centimetre in length and about three centimetres apart. The beast is then roped to its rack in such a manner that it cannot scratch the forming pustules, and at the end of four days the vaccine lymph accumulates. This is extracted by means of nippers invented by M. Chambon, director of the institute. The process is rapid and causes no suffering.

One day in each week is devoted to vaccination at all the town halls of Paris, and thither

are carried the inoculated heifers. That none may have excuse for not taking advantage of this safeguard against a frightful disease, the Bureau of Charity has arranged matters so that if a needy mother leaves her work to bring a child to the rendezvous she shall receive a compensation of two francs for the time she thus loses from her daily toil. F. C. DAYTON.

A Study of Audiences.

AMONG the curious developments of the late Columbian Exposition and its attendant congresses, the student of human nature added a large chapter to his experiences if he was so fortunate as to be connected with the life of the fair during the entire term of its existence, and became acquainted with the character of its varying audiences.

An audience is ever a curious, perplexing, and a contradictory study. It is swayed by influences which would not affect its individual components. It often weeps and applauds, even hisses and sneers, when such demonstrations are least expected, and "Mr. Lookaboutyou" wonders if his senses are not deceiving him.

The audiences of the first congress of the season, the Woman's Congress, were emphatically *sui generis*, and delightfully so. A certain congenial vitality and broad-heartedness characterized the applause, which is the speech of an audience. The beautiful and gifted English countess, with graces of person, of dress, and of race, and with the record of benevolent deeds to win the approbation of the multitude, naturally caused an outburst of enthusiasm whenever she appeared. But a humble colored woman, clear-headed, far-sighted, eloquent, but not widely known in the great world, received no less enthusiastic applause than the gracious countess, when, on a spring evening, she read a thoughtful paper in a crowded hall.

The audiences which greeted the Press and Authors' congresses were peculiar. As a rule, they seemed unable to express their sentiments by the ordinary methods of applause. The reporters and editors were often silent as an audience, when as individuals, they would undoubtedly have given free expression to strong feeling. The halls which resounded to feminine applause during the first congress were strangely silent during the weeks immediately following.

Among the choicest audiences of the season were those which, despite the willful misstatements of certain dull critics, greeted Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra at the free concerts in Festival Hall. That those concerts to which a large admission fee was required should be but little patronized was a natural consequence. The music-lover who looked beyond the superficial found great cause for encouragement for the future of music in America in the size (averaging three thousand) and the spirit of these gatherings. At no period were the

programmes of the sort called popular in its lowest sense, yet quietly, eagerly, and appreciatively the audience sat, closely following the magnificent numbers from beginning to finale. No meretricious inducements were offered. The hall was plain to barrenness and uncomfortably cold in the spring months; nothing but sympathetic appreciation of the noblest themes so nobly rendered could have held those musical audiences in spell, when all the world of material wealth was awaiting their inspection in the grounds just outside.

But for keen musical enjoyment, a musical vitality which permeated every corner of the great hall, no audiences equalled those of the Welsh assemblies at the great international Eisteddfod, the first of its sort ever convened. A certain purity of intent, a feeling of unity with the very soul of music, especially in its religious and patriotic forms, characterized these audiences which filled Festival Hall four days and evenings. The devoted Welsh musicians who came over seas from the land of the Llewelyns were no more inspiring in their lofty flights of song and weird harp music than were their scarcely less tuneful brethren in the audience. Applause was hearty, discriminating, genuine, spontaneous, but not spasmodic.

The French audiences on the national *fête* day were gayly national in character, and smiles, laughter, good-will, sunshine, and general festivity abounded; while their English neighbors found their dignity and sobriety somewhat tempered by the airs of Lake Michigan. The Scandinavians at the Swedish song-festival were more quiet in manifestation than their Welsh brethren, but equally moved by appeals to the patriotic emotions. Canada's audiences were French-English, less hilarious than the one; more demonstrative than the other. Russia again showed greater spontaneity, and was far more Parisian than the observer expected.

Audiences at the various State festivities were robust in their applause and not always discriminating. The portion of the country represented determined much. Audiences of American women were, as a rule, distinctly selfish. And here is an anomaly observed in feminine audiences in this country. The individual American woman is, as a rule, self-sacrificing, unselfish—a lover of justice, charitable. The audience feminine clamors for the right of way, violates every known principle of justice and equity in order to secure the point of greatest vantage, boldly appropriates places for absent friends when all seats are free, is distinctly unjust, and cares little for the comfort of its neighbor. That individuals or individual audiences are the opposite simply proves the rule. In an assemblage of women gathered to listen to a gospel message from the mouth of a famous woman, I have seen one of these silver-haired, fair-skinned, angelic-looking women who suggest Elizabeth, and Anna the prophetess, and all that is beneficent and saintly, openly dispute her claim to seats held for friends, in whose behalf a shrinking white fib was uttered.

But of all the audiences of the summer, whether at the White City or the congresses of the Art Palace none equalled in diversity, complexity, and incongruous unity those assembled at the Parliament of Religions. Try them with Mohammedanism and they were sweetly brotherly and effusive. Give Christian science a hearing and they rent the air with cheers; the Shintoist received applause that would have been heart-warming had not the Greek archbishop won an equally demonstrative reception just before. But what reasonable inference could be drawn from the tribute paid at the shrine of the Indies? Dharmapala in snowy-white robes, and Mozoomdar in sober European dress, were cheered to the echo. But when the handsome monk, Vivekananda, appeared in his eye-smiting, elegant garb of rich orange, crowned with a turban resembling a chrysanthemum show, a man unknown by writing or achievement to any but a small proportion of his audience, his message as yet unsaid, applause could no further go. Hands and voices welcomed the handsome stranger (or was it simply his strikingly handsome appearance), and minutes elapsed before he was permitted to begin his address. And when a few days later, he arraigned the audience in unmeasured terms for their injustice, ignorance, and for having reached "the acme of intolerance," still the cheers were poured forth in volleys, and the shrewd monk laughed in their faces.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

The Skating Championships.

OUR illustrations on page 100 show the appearance and style of some of the competitors entered for the championship races of the National Skating Association of Red Bank, New

Jersey. Among these competitors were John S. Johnson, present five and ten mile champion; Howard Mosher, quarter-mile champion; "Joe" Donoghue, who until last year was the seemingly invincible champion; his two brothers, Jim and Jim, Jr.; A. Norseng, of Norway; Clarence Clark, John C. Hemment, and C. Lappe.

"Shore Acres."

THE plot of "Shore Acres" really turns upon the speculative mania of the younger of the Berry brothers to turn the old "Shore Acres" into "buildin' lots an' git as rich as Jay Gould." Like other people who have tried their hand at the same game, the scheme fails miserably and everybody connected with it is involved in ruin. The undercurrent of the plot, as the dramatic author would say, is the disagreement between *Nat Berry's* brother *Martin* and the latter's daughter *Helen*; this is all along of one *Sam Haven*, who is a young free-thinker, and reads Darwin and other books of the same ilk, dangerous as the devil's own concoctions in the mind of the primitive Maine farmer, who believes only in the Bible and the Bangor *Whig*, just as his father, grandfather, and all the Berrys before him had done, and should do to all eternity. The result of this intellectual earthquake is that the girl is driven into running away from home with her lover, but at the end returns to be forgiven. The weakest spot in the play is the light-house scene, with its revolving tower and the boat beating her way through the gale with the runaway lovers on board of her. Mechanically this scene has been duplicated many times in other plays, and for the sake of the entities of the play it could have been wished that this feature had been eliminated from its scheme and something typical of "Shore Acres" in Maine made to do duty in its place. However, this is a blemish which will perhaps suggest itself only to the expert, and for the public or commercial value of the play it answers its purpose fairly well.

In local color and characterization "Shore Acres" is simply delicious. It is, indeed, these qualities, triumphantly asserted, that have carried Mr. Herne's play into its great and deserved popular and artistic success. In the character of *Nat Berry*, Mr. James A. Herne, the author, has given us a piece of character-acting which is so fine, so well conceived, so thoroughly developed and maintained throughout the entire play, that the assumption is likely to live as a companion piece to some of our most notable stage figures of this generation. To those who know these primitive Maine folk, wholly wrapped within their narrow-minded selves, yet often, as is *Nat*, lovable and brave in nature, the figure Mr. Herne presents is one of the most pleasure-giving in theatrical impersonation. To those to whom this part of our country is unknown, *Nat Berry* and the entire surroundings of the Berry family are a picture of unlimited instruction in folk-lore history. We need this lesson taught us every day; the more we know of what is truly and purely American, the better it will be for the future generations that are to grow up out of our conglomerate population. "Shore Acres" is a true American play, in scene, tone, delineation, and sentiment. When *Nat* declares he did not "fite for eny back pision, but simply because he fit," he tells a true story of the Maine backwoodsmen, farmers and fishermen, who "fit" because it was their duty to "fite" in the war that saved the Union. In these days, when there is so much talk in and out of Congress about pensions, this episode in "Shore Acres" should be repeated to every "pension-grabber" in the land, as a solemn rebuke upon his rapacious and unseemly greed.

The play does not call for what is generally known upon the play-bills and posters as "spectacular scenery," but everything is adequate and fits the local scene. The anniversary-dinner scene is capably carried out, while the cooking of the turkey and cranberries which precedes it is so natural in all its details that it makes you wish you could be invited, and sends you away from the theatre with an appetite. I do not wish to be too profanely jocose upon a subject which I know is very near Mr. Herne's heart, but this is veritism.

Mr. Herne has long been known as one of our most accomplished stage-directors. His skill and authority are seen in all the acting and in every detail of the actors' make-up.

Mr. Herne's play, which is now at Daly's Theatre, repeating its first success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was recently selected by the American Dramatists' Club as a typical American play, to present to Mr. Henry Irving and the London Lyceum Company. By the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Miner, under whose direction "Shore Acres" now is, this opportunity was provided for, and both Mr. Irving and his company were delighted with the play and the

performance. "Shore Acres" is a play you can see more than once with unalloyed pleasure. It is not perfect, but it has the breath of humanity in its lungs, which makes its atmosphere something to be enjoyed and to dwell upon.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Mr. Gladstone's Probable Retirement.

It is just nine years, almost to a week, since the Liberal party in England was disturbed, as it was disturbed for a week or so past, by rumors that Mr. Gladstone is about to retire. At that time the uneasiness was due to some remarks which Mr. W. H. Gladstone, one of the premier's sons, made at a farmers' dinner at Hawarden. From the source from which these statements came, they were regarded with considerable apprehension; and the *Daily News*, which then, as now, was the organ of the Liberal government, went so far as to indicate the lines on which the Cabinet would be reconstructed. Mr. Gladstone did not resign; and not until a fortnight ago was there a recurrence of the acute uneasiness regarding the leadership of the Liberal party like that which undoubtedly existed in the early weeks of 1885.

There are a number of reasons, some of them very obvious, for the present apprehension among the Liberals. One of these is that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as it is now conducted, is just the paper which would receive tidings of the kind it recently published. Under Mr. Astor's ownership it is conducted with a profuseness and a lavishness hitherto unknown in London journalism; it pays everybody well, and is the market to which a man or a woman who had a good piece of exclusive news would go. News of this kind always has its value in London; and it is not only those who are professionally in journalism who are aware of the marketable value of a good piece of exclusive political information. There are scores of people moving in London's highest society whose names are on the contributors' lists of the higher-priced society journals, and who are in touch with those editors of the London and provincial daily journals who are known to pay well, and who are discreet in their relations to their contributors. This fact is one to bear in mind in discussing the accuracy of a piece of news like that which has startled English Liberals.

Another important fact is that all the conditions now existing in English politics point to the probability of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* story. Now, as 1885, when Mr. W. H. Gladstone made his disturbing statement, Mr. Gladstone is at the end of one of the most wearisome sessions of the century. In 1885 he had just got free from a five-months' wrangle with the House of Lords on the Franchise bill, a wrangle of which all that can be said was that honors were easy. At the present time, Mr. Gladstone has been worsted on the Home-rule bill by the Lords, and he is at issue with them on the Employers' Liability bill, and on two or three very contentious points in the Parish Councils bill. In 1885 a general election was pending. The outlook was then exceedingly good for the Liberals, and when the election took place Mr. Gladstone was returned by a large majority, but held his majority together only until his first Home-rule bill was rejected in 1886. Now he is face to face with the fact that there must be a general election during the present year. This is inevitable; and even if he could repeat his successes of 1885 and 1892, which is extremely doubtful, it is not to be wondered at that a man of eighty-four years of age should shrink from the terrible labor and turmoil of a hotly-contested general election, and from the strain and nerve-wear incident to the formation of another ministry. And it is not as though success at the next general election and the formation of another ministry would end the Irish difficulty. The Home-rule bill would have to be fought through the House of Commons again, and again there would come the inevitable conflict with the Lords. Looking at the present political situation in England from quite an independent standpoint, the *Pall Mall Gazette's* statements do not seem to be improbable. The guarded communication which Mr. Gladstone authorized to be issued from Biarritz in itself certainly shows that there is some foundation for the startling story.

Ten years ago, in addressing an audience at Glasgow, Lord Salisbury declared that "the Liberal party had been held together rather by the dexterity of its leader than by the harmony of opinion and objects." In a measure that statement was correct in 1884. It describes the existing situation still more accurately, and explains in a sentence the uneasiness which now exists among English Liberals.

EDWARD PORRITT.

American Water-color Society.

THE old ducal palace of the Academy at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue never looks so well as during the exhibition of the American Water-color Society. This society has taken the trouble of going into the subject of decoration both inside and out, which has resulted in a complete transformation of the old building. The interior especially is treated in a manner at once so artistic and dainty as to reflect considerable credit upon the good taste of Mr. Albert E. Sterner, of the committee on decoration.

The exhibition as a whole is probably the best that has ever been given under the auspices of the society; not that it contains any special work of great moment, but the average standard is high, and there is a uniformity in the good quality of the pictures which denotes an advance among the aquarellists year by year. We rather take it that the society has been spurred on by the whilom competition of its new rival, the Water-color Club, whose recent display in the building of the American Fine Arts Society was an unexpected revelation to those who have hitherto given little thought to the aspirations of this young institution.

We are pleased to see that so able an artist as J. Francis Murphy is made the recipient of the Evans prize. It was taken by a landscape of Mr. Murphy's well-known juicy style. Mr. Albert E. Sterner comes to the front with an ambitious ball-room scene, which is excellent in color and composition. Mr. W. G. Smedley exhibits a number of larger subjects in the charming style of which he is master, some of these having been used previously as illustrations in periodicals. Mr. Robert Blum displays a group of his favorite Japanese subjects, sketchy in manner, but full of realism and suggestiveness. Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, the prize-winner last year, again exhibits one of her beautiful portraits, and Miss McChesney also sends a very creditable portrait of an old woman, called "Retrospection."

The usual run of landscapes are contributed by such excellent artists as J. L. Fraser, H. Bolton Jones, W. Hamilton Gibson, Bruce Crane, Harry Fenn, and others.

One of the greatest advances is that of Mr. Henry B. Snell, whose picture of the yacht *White Lady* at anchor at twilight is a charming work, both in drawing and atmospheric effect.

There are many other excellent works which must be seen to be appreciated. Altogether the exhibition is well worthy a visit, and indicates that the Water-color Society is fulfilling its mission to a greater extent than that of the Academy itself.

F. B. S.

The California Midwinter Fair.

THE California Midwinter Fair, which is in every respect a magnificent exhibition of the pluck and enterprise of the Pacific coast, has some features which would be impossible in any other exhibition. Some of these are reproductions of old California architecture—object-lessons of the early historic life of the State. One of the most interesting of these reproductions is a typical mining camp of the days of '49. This camp is located on the extreme rear corner of the grounds, and is covered with stunted pines and other features bearing a strong resemblance to the foot-hill land on which many of the old camps were built, the main buildings and the cabins of the prospectors being on either side of the main street. Many of these cabins have been brought from the mountains, and have a historic value from their associations with men who have since acquired wealth and fame. The camp has all the gambling accessories which characterized the old camps, keno and faro outfits, a roulette wheel, etc., and the games are called by Mexican women who have presided over similar games in the roughest camps of California, Arizona, and Nevada, and who have witnessed more fights than they could count on their jingling bracelets, made up of gold coins contributed by "admirers." In fact, all the features of the early gambling-hells are reproduced. There is also a dance-hall, the inevitable saloon, the counter of which is formed by two planks laid on barrels, and a hotel, which is an exact reproduction of the pioneer hostelry. There is also a museum which is stocked with relics of the '49 period. Near this is the famous old Concord stage-coach which Hank Munk drove over the mountains for many years.

Among the old miners' cabins, one of the shabbiest is the house in which John W. Mackay lived for several years at Allegheny,

Sierra County, California, where he made his first strike, which furnished the means for his further work in quartz-mining. Another equally interesting cabin is that which once belonged to the Hon. George H. Perkins, now United States Senator from California, and ranking as one of the millionaires of the State. Another cabin was occupied at one time by Mark Twain, when he was working as a miner.

In one corner of the grounds a model placer mining camp attracts attention. Here are the flume, sluices, rockers, long-toms, riffles, and other devices for catching gold. Several old miners show the visitor exactly how the gold was dug out in '49. The ground has been "salted" with gold-dust and small nuggets, giving the spectacle the full air of realism. We give on another page illustrations of some of the features of this notable exhibition.

The Making of Felt Shoes.

THE history of the growth of any new industry is always interesting. Sometimes this interest is heightened to the intensity of romance by the deeds of those who have conceived and fostered it. In tracing any such history the chronicler will always have to record acts quite similar to those that on the battle-field have led to military fame. Necessity is the mother of invention, and difficulty is the handmaiden of success. The felt industry in this country, for instance, was due to the fact that a dealer and importer of piano material was obliged to buy what felt he needed from his rivals in business. This was objectionable to him, so he concluded to manufacture his own felt, and lo! there was a new industry. This was only about twenty years ago, but the new industry has grown so lusty under the fostering care of the protective tariff that the felt made at Dolgeville, in New York, is the best produced in the world. The business of making felt, however, has not been always full of sunshine, for now and again the tariff tinkers have disturbed it very considerably. It was at a period of this kind, when business was depressed by the adverse action of Congress, that the making of felt shoes and slippers was thought of by the same ingenious man who had concluded, ten years before, that it was just as well to make felt as to import it.

At that time of depression, when felt for pianos could not be made successfully or profitably in competition with that imported from Europe, the industry must have been abandoned unless another use could be found for the product. Shoes and slippers were made as an experiment. Now it was necessary to create a demand for these new articles. This is easy or difficult accordingly as the new article is worthy or unworthy. If the new product be worthy it will make its way, slowly to be sure, and in a while become an absolute necessity. And so it has been with foot-wear made of felt. Those who have tried felt shoes or slippers once are very apt to consider themselves unable to do without them. It makes very little difference whether this wearer be a brilliant society belle who uses the felt shoe to cover her ball-room slippers while driving to and from the scene of her gayety, or whether it be the leather-soled shoe that the honest housewife slips on and wears while performing her homely duties; each finds that best thing in all this good world, solid comfort, in the warm, soft, and unbinding boot that the felt manufacturer has made for her. When my lady is returning from the ball, or my good madam of the farm-house is whisking her broom in the draughty hall, both alike may be glad to know that the idea of making these shoes that give them so much comfort came to a man when he was casting about for something that would prevent half the workmen in a village from being thrown out of employment. The idea of making felt shoes was a good thing in a double sense, for it was alike a benefit to those who gave and to those who received.

The demand for these felt shoes has grown so large that it has become necessary to manufacture them on a larger scale than heretofore, and a new company has been formed for that purpose. For years Messrs. Daniel Green & Co., of 44 East Fourteenth Street, in New York, have been the selling agents for the felt shoes made at Dolgeville. With the formation of the new company—the Daniel Green Shoe Company of Dolgeville—the relations heretofore existing will not be materially altered, except that they will be closer and stronger, between the parties in interest, and, what is more to the purpose so far as the public is concerned, the output will be very much increased. Careful business men, when they see that an industry is steadily growing, make provision for this growth by enlarging their plant in such manner that it may be still further expanded from time to time, as occasion requires. This is what the Daniel Green Shoe

Company has done at Dolgeville, where a new factory is in operation and where felt shoes will be turned out in quantities to meet the public demand. The growth of this demand can be very well illustrated by mentioning the transactions of one purchaser. The felt shoes made at Dolgeville were called to the attention of the manager of the Hudson Bay Company. After much persuasion he bought seventy-five dollars' worth. This was what might be called a trial order. But it was enough, for in the past two years he has spent fifteen thousand dollars in these felt shoes, and the wearers of them in those high latitudes of the Hudson Bay territory are full of gratitude.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

Our Foreign Pictures.

WE give among our pictures of events abroad one illustrating the anarchist Vaillant making his plea before the court which recently sentenced him to death. His sentence was executed on the morning of the 5th inst., when he was guillotined in the presence of a crowd of spectators. —Another picture shows Ada Rehan in the character of *Viola* in "Twelfth Night" at Daly's Theatre in London, where she has recently won fresh successes. —We illustrate also the national carriage of Japan—the jinriksha. This vehicle is usually drawn by a single runner. The runners are small, light men, active and fleet; they will easily cover from forty to fifty miles a day, stopping at intervals for food and rest at one of the tea-houses passed on their journey. —The work of the Salvation Army in feeding the London poor is shown in a group of sketches reproduced from the *London Graphic*. —Another illustration depicts the closing scene of the recent hostilities in Morocco—the conference between the Spanish commander and the representatives of the Rifians in reference to the terms of surrender by the latter.

Opera in New York.

LET all praise be given to the wonderful singers of the Metropolitan Opera-house, who have charmed their enthusiastic audiences since November 27th. And let the praise be extended to Messrs. Abbey and Grau, whose management has made it possible for the remarkable talent to be presented to the public in a manner which satisfies an ideal conception. The opera this year comprises a richness of talent and a perfection of arrangement that New York has never seen equaled before.

The opera is not only a delight, it is an educator, as all who have attended will attest. The audiences are becoming more and more critical, and, as a natural sequence, more appreciative. Not only do they applaud magnificent bursts of song which fairly electrify the house, but they call as loudly for encore where there is less thrilling, but where culture and execution produce their finer shades of effect.

Choice is not an element which can be employed in comparing the great singers of this company. The merit is in equal distribution but of different natures. Refinement and loveliness combined with purity and sweetness of voice give to Madame Eames the high place which she holds as strongly as ever in the appreciation and esteem of her thousands of admirers. Madame Calvé is magnetic, and captivates the entire audience at her mere appearance upon the stage. Her rounded, full tones are a fine complement to her magnificent dramatic powers. To Madame Melba belongs, perhaps, the most perfect voice that has been heard here since the days of Gerster. It is our misfortune, as well as hers, that indisposition has frequently prevented her from using it to its full advantage. The harmonies are made sweet and strong by the low, rich tones of Madame Scalchi.

Messieurs Edouard and Jean de Reszke and Lassalle are the giants of the Metropolitan Company, in voice as in stature. In each of these artists, in tenor, baritone and bass, are found the talents rarely bestowed upon one person—fine personality, fullness of voice, and perfection of acting.

That the New York public appreciates its rare opportunity of hearing Italian opera sung by such artists is amply shown by the large and brilliant audiences which greet the artists at every appearance.

MADELINE.

Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola compound free by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.



STREET VENDERS IN CAIRO.—HARRY PENN. (Copyrighted.)



THE BALL (FRAGMENT).—ALBERT E. STERNER.



TETE-A-TETE.—IRVING R. WILES.

JEALOUSY.—F. S. CHURCH.
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THE BROOKLYN FERRY-BOAT.—E. L. HENRY.



CONFIDENCES.—GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



FRAJANA—GENERAL CAMPOS AND THE CHIEF OF THE RIFFIANS CONFERRING AS TO THE SURRENDER OF THE LATTER.

TRAVELLING BY JINRIKSHAS.
"EN SUITE."



THE JINRIKSHA, THE NATIONAL CARRIAGE OF JAPAN.



THE FRENCH ANARCHIST VAILLANT READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE JURY.



FEEDING THE HUNGRY IN LONDON—THE MEAL GIVEN BY THE SALVATION ARMY AT THEIR SHELTER HALL IN THE BLACKFRIARS ROAD.



MISS ADA REHAN AS "VIOLA" IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S THEATRE, LONDON.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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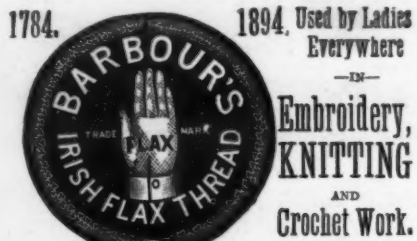
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